THE SUMMER OF THE HEART.

For all the wintry flakes of frost it's summer time somewhere—
Violets in the valleys, bird songs in the air;
The chilly winds have only blown the lily's lips apart—
It's summer in the world, my dear, and summer in the heart!

For all the gray skies glooming it's summer in the dells—
In the merry song of reapers, in the tinkling of the bell;
The sweet south-skies are brightening as with springtime's magic art—
But the sweetest summer, dearest, is the summer in the heart!

Still, still the birds are singing, and still the groves are green;
And still the roses redden, and the loyal lilies lean;
Love fades not with the season; when summer days depart,
It's summer still, my dearest, in the Eden of the heart!

F. L. Stanton.

"A NICE BOY."

"HE lives in a ladies' club," continued Dick, looking down at his boots.

"How nice!" sighed his sister, and forgot her immediate hatred of the lady in question.

"There's a beastly little buttons who thinks himself somebody, and he says he can't show me upstairs because it isn't guest day. Like to know when guest day is? I'm sure I've tried every day in the week, too."

"I fancy you have," she murmured.

"I thought, perhaps," said Dick, without heeding her comment, "that we might do a theatre one night, just we three, don't you know, Kit? She wants to know you awfully," he added quite as an afterthought.

"Oh, yes," said Kit sceptically, "they all do. Will she go in the pit, though?"

Her brother jumped out of his chair and said something not very softly.

"What's the matter? Have I done anything?" asked Kit in rather a harsh tone.

"Did you say pit?" shouted Dick, wrathfully, "I take Pauline in the pit? Pauline?"

"Well, you always take me in the pit, and I generally pay my share," complained his sister, taking an increased interest in her embroidery; "but, of course, I am not Pauline."

Dick, being at the stage when a man does not analyze any remarks except made by the one person, was a little mollified, and sat down again.

"No," he said gravely, "no, you're not; and you haven't met her, either."

"I have taken a box at the Haymarket for Thursday evening," said Dick presently, in rather a strained voice. He was lighting a cigar as he made this announcement, and he wasted two or three matches in the attempt and began talking about Bryant and May without the least occasion for it. Kit dropped her embroidery on the floor and stared at him.

"A box, Dick?"

"Yes, a box, Kit! You are very touchy, you are, this evening. I was going to ask you to come, too," he went on in an absent way as if he were thinking about something else.

"Yes, you will want a chaperon, of course," said Kit. "Who else is coming, Dick?"

"Who else?—eh, what?—who else? Why, Pauline, of course; I've told you that already, Kit."

"But besides Pauline?" she said patiently.

"Oh, I don't know. That's enough, isn't it?"

"I've no doubt that will be enough for you, but I don't want to sit by myself all the evening. You'll have to ask Charlie Weymouth, too."

"Oh, I can't ask Charlie Weymouth," said Dick, with great dignity; "we've had a row."

"That doesn't matter. You're always having rows, but they're never of the least importance. You ask him, Dick, or else I shan't go," and Kit spoke decisively. If there was any capital to be made out of the situation she meant to make it.

"But Pauline's coming," said Dick in a surprised tone, "and she really wants to know—"

"Yes, I've heard that before," said Kit, impatiently. "I mean, of course, I want to see her, too, Dick, but it will be all the nicer for you if I have somebody to talk to. I'll tell Charlie to come. Good-night; I'm going to bed."

When she got into her room she took her brother's photograph off the table and stroked it with her finger, with a queer little frown on her face. Then she jerked it back again to its proper place and went and stood by the open window and looked at the street lamps until a hansom cab rattled past with a man and a girl inside in evening dress. Then she shivered a little and laughed at herself and went back to the room which she had just left.

"Dick, I'm awfully afraid I wasn't a bit sympathetic," she began abruptly.

Dick hastily thrust something into his breast pocket and dropped two letters and made a plunge after them under the table.

"What's the row?" he said crossly, coming up again with a red face. "I wish you wouldn't disturb a chap so suddenly. I do like a woman to move about quietly. What's the good of being a woman if you can't do that? What do you want?"

"Oh, nothing; I forgot my book," said Kit, and went away without it.

On the day after this conversation Dick met Charlie Weymouth in the Strand about 8 o'clock in the evening. Dick's mind was occupied with one subject only at that instant, so when Weymouth smote him on the shoulder and said, "Hullo, Dick!" it took him some moments to collect his thoughts sufficiently to reply in a suitable manner.

"Good business!" he said joyfully; "just the man I wanted to see."

His remark was not solely prompted by the exigencies of the moment, though Charlie Weymouth thought it was, and smiled cynically. Dick hailed a hansom and bade the driver take them to a restaurant.

"Got something to tell you, Charlie, so come and have a chop," he began, as carelessly as possible.

Weymouth lighted a cigar and smiled cynically again. It was not difficult to play the cynic to Dick's confidence.

"You need not tell me much, my boy; it's written all over your face," he said, dryly. "Who is she, eh?"

Dick pushed his hat on the back of his head and smiled savagely.

"Oh, of course; there never is any news to tell you. You always do know everything before you are told, don't you? Perhaps you can better tell me? Oh, go on; don't mind me. I suppose Kit told you the rest as well, didn't she?"

"She told me about the box, yes. I'm coming on Thursday, of course. Now, who is she, please? Kit said her name is Pauline, but that's all she said."

Dick was quite sure at that moment that there was only one Pauline in the world, but he explained that her second name was Duncombe.

"Duncombe? Pauline Duncombe? Oh!" said the other slowly.

"You'll see her on Thursday, and then you won't wonder I was struck," Dick rattled on, happily. "I met her at the Academy conversations, you know. By Jove, isn't her 'Queen of Sheba' strong! Have you seen it? Can't think what she sees in me. Actually asked me to point out my picture to her, and didn't say a word about its being skied, and said there was tone in it? Have you got the cheek to say a woman can't criticise? But you don't mean to say you haven't heard of her? Pauline Duncombe? Why, all the world's talking about her picture. It's the hit of the season," Dick went on until he found that his companion was not listening and that his cigar had gone out.

"You're as bad as Kit," he grumbled. "I never can get any one to listen to me for five minutes together. Wait until you see her, that's all."

"I needn't wait, old man. I know her slightly by repute already. I have seen her, too. Is it really Pauline Duncombe?"

"That's what I'm always asking myself," said Dick, with a contented laugh. Weymouth drew away his hand abruptly.

"Here we are," he said, and paid cabman in spite of Dick's remonstrances. "This is my show," he said, when they had selected a table in the restaurant.

"What for?" said Dick, hotly. "I asked you to come and dine with me. You think you're all there because you're going to walk on in the new piece next week. What on earth are you doing it for"

"Because I made you come here," said Weymouth, quietly, but he need not have trouble to explain, for Dick was staring straight at a table in the opposite corner of the room.

"We will have some soup," added Charlie to the waiter who was lingering for their order. "It's warm in here," he went on, selecting a sardine.

"It's Pauline!" said Dick, softly, still staring at the distant table.

"Yes? Not alone, surely? Ah—no."

"Father, I suppose," said Dick, making a feint of swallowing some soup.

"Oh, no, I should think not," said his companion, with the usual smile. "That's not her father. That's the Duke."

"Duke? What Duke?" asked Dick, resentfully.

"The soup is not so good as usual. What Duke? Oh, the one she always dines with here. They said they were engaged. Seems probable, as she is a decent girl enough."

When they had got their fish, Weymouth turned once more to Dick.

"Cheer up, old man! You've only seen her once or twice, and you're well out of it. If you weren't such a maiden, this sort of thing would have happened to you before. It won't do you any harm, anyway. I'll get a fourth for Thursday, and stand supper afterwards. Ah—have some Chablis."

But Dick had pushed back his chair, and motioned to the astonished waiter for his hat and stick. His face was rather set, but otherwise he did not seem disturbed, and he smiled as he held out his hand.

"I'm afraid I can't wait any longer. I promised Kit not to be late. If you really mean you can't come on Thursday we'll get some one else, only let me know in time, won't you? Goodby."

Charlie watched him, and forgot to curl his lip as he saw him make a deliberate circuit of the room in order to pass close by the table in the opposite corner.

"Who's the boy who bowed to you?" asked the Duke.

"Oh! that's Dick Hallett, a nice boy I met at Burlington House the other night, and have seen once or twice since. He'll paint rather well some day, but he wants a lot of teaching. We're going to the theatre one evening, Wednesday, I think; I expect it means upper boxes or something awful. He's a nice boy. Are you going to be jealous?"

"Depends on who is going to do the teaching," said the Duke.

"Pauline's not been altogether a success, do you think?" said Weymouth to his companion, as they waited for a cab after the performance at the Haymarket on the following Thursday.

"What do you mean? I like her," said Kit, whether from conviction, or from loyalty to Dick it would be hard to say.

"Oh, yes; she's delightful," said Charlie, who never allowed himself to be snubbed for a moment, "but she's not going to marry Dick for all that."

Kit drew her hand abruptly out of his arm. "Can't you see further than that?" she said scornfully. "It's Dick who doesn't want her any more. Perhaps you know what changed him? I don't."

In another hansom, hurrying in the direction of Maida Vale, Dick Hallett was developing the situation he had made for himself three nights ago at dinner. When a man has spent all his life in being afraid of unimportant people, such as shopmen and post-office girls, it is difficult for him to realize that he is expected to take the initiative with the woman he loves. Yet this is what Dick was forcing himself to do as the hansom rolled along to Maida Vale, and Pauline Duncombe sat by his side.

"I don't believe you like me to lecture you on your work," said Pauline, breaking off suddenly in a dissertation on method, which she had merely begun by way of filling an awkward pause. There had been many awkward pauses that evening, and to Pauline Duncombe they appeared in the light of a novel experience.

"Oh, I don't mind in the least," said Dick, candidly; "you see, you know fever so much more than I do about painting."

"Only about painting?" she cried, piqued.

Dick thought carefully. "I'm not sure," he said, and he looked straight in front of him at the rain trickling down the glass.

"That's evasive," she said, shrugging her shoulders; and she repeated her question, "only about painting?"

"Oh, perhaps not," he replied indifferently.

"What else, then?"

"It doesn't matter, does it?"

"What else, I say?"

"How can I tell you what I don't know myself?" persisted Dick, and imagined that he was going to silence her.

"Why do I ask you, if I know already?"

"Well, I don't think you need exactly?" he said, with simple directness, while she tapped her fan angrily against the window ledge.

"How insufferably serious you are this evening," she said contemptuously.

"I'm very sorry," said Dick; "what do you want me to do?"

"To be like you were the other evening," she answered quickly.

Dick drew in his breath and looked out the side window. "I'm afraid I can't," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't the other evening."

"No," cried Pauline in a mocking tone; "there isn't your picture to talk about, nor your aspirations, nor the sister you wanted me to meet."

"No, I don't we will talk about those any more. Are you tired? We are nearly there."

"Yes, and you are glad, aren't you?"

"Oh, no," assured Dick; "I am not in the least bit tired."

She leaned back in her corner and tried being disconsolate.

"I don't know what has come over you," she said with a sigh in her voice, "and I had so looked forward to this evening."

"Had you? Yes, it would be a change for you," said Dick with a laugh.

"I don't often get any fun," she went on, without heeding the insinuation. "I am all alone in the world, and people are not often kind. It was the kindness in your face the other night—"

"Shall we have the glass up?" said the inexorable Dick. "It's stopped raining, and it's so stuffy."

"As you like," she said, and the weariness in her voice was real. "I don't much care what happens, if you are going to be like all the rest."

"Then there are plenty more," thought Dick, bitterly. But he was finding it rather hard to hug his grievance.

"Why are you so strange this evening?" asked the complaining voice at his side.

"Oh, I'm all right. You needn't bother me," he said, brusquely. "Here we are, at last."

She said nothing while he dismissed the cabman and followed her up the steps.

"Are they waiting for you, or—"

"No; I have a key," she said, and held it out to him; and as he took it she caught his fingers in hers, and broke out passionately: "Dick, what have I done to make you so unkind? How dare you treat me thus? What have I done, Dick? What have I done?"

"I am not unkind, Pauline," he said, in a perfectly spiritless tone, and drew the key and his hand away and unlocked the door for her.

For a moment they stood together in the shadow of the portico.

"No, I don't believe you are," she said under her breath; "you despise me. Oh, yes; you despise me." And then, seized with another paroxysm of anger, she cried: "Who are you, to judge me like this? Do you know that if I like, to-morrow I could?—"

"Marry a duke? Oh, yes; I know," he said, and stood aside to let her pass.

"No," she said, stamping her foot in the hall within, and bewitching him all over again by her mere personality. "No! You were a little too quick that time, Dick. Not marry a Duke; but why not refuse one! Au revoir!"

He sprang into the hall just as the door was closing and caught her in his arms.

"Pauline! One moment. What an awful ass I've been! But to see you dining with him, when I had believed in you so thoroughly; and to find that every one else had known it; and, Pauline—"

"What a thing it is to be a good boy!" she said, with a pout. Dick bestowed something in the neighborhood of the pout that dispelled it, and sprang back into the cold again, while she slowly shut the door.

"I have dined with him lots of times," she said through the chink; "and I've no doubt he thinks now—"

"What?" shouted Dick, furiously, although the policeman was within hearing.

"What I shall tell him to-morrow is all nonsense," she said softly, and shut the door in his face.

"Did you go on teaching that nice boy of yours last night?" asked the Duke, when he strolled into her studio the next afternoon.

"No," said Pauline, measuring her model's chin with her brush; "no. He's a nicer boy than I thought. And he's been teaching me."

The Duke looked as though he found this piece of information rather disquieting. "Anyhow, you'll come and dine to-night?" he said, a little sulkily.

"To-night? Let me see—to-night—oh, I can't. I'm going to have a high tea with Dick and his sister."

"Good heavens! High tea with a man's sister!"

"Yes," said Pauline, with a peal of laughter. "Do you know, I really believe it is going to be serious this time. I always told you he was a nice boy!"—St. Paul's.

WISE WORDS.

When the last sunshine of expiring day in summer twilight creeps itself away, who hath not felt the softness of the hour sink on the heart—as dew along the flower?—Byron.

The press was not granted by monarchs; it was not gained for us by aristocracies; but it sprang from the people, and, with an immortal instinct, it has always worked for the people.—Disraeli.

The great high road of human welfare lies along the highway of steadfast well-doing, and they who are the most persistent and work in the truest spirit will invariably be the most successful.—S. Smiles.

Who swerves from innocence, who makes disuse of that serene companion, a good name, recovers not his loss; but walks with shame, with doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse.—Wordsworth.

It is a high, solemn, almost awful, thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never, through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end.—Carlyle.

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and enforced results of such work will be always the thing God meant him to do, and will be his best.—Ruskin.

Though we do nothing, Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue. But the difference which follows upon good actions is infinite from that of ill ones.—Feltham.

It is in the most part in our skill in manners, and in the observance of time and place, and of decency in general, that what is called taste consists; and which is in reality no other than a more refined judgment. The cause of a wrong taste is a defect of judgment.—Burke.

Old Tom Logan's Jest.

Old Tom Logan, who stood at the head of the Oregon bar for a great many years, was an inveterate wag as well as a most brilliant and able lawyer. Most of the anecdotes told of Logan's court room encounters will not bear publication, but here is one that will:

One day Logan was arguing a case before Chief Justice Greene, of the Supreme Court of what was at that time the Territory of Washington; opposed to him was a backwoods lawyer named Browne. Logan continually referred to the counsel on the other side as though his name were spelled "Browny," to the evident annoyance of that gentleman. At last the Judge interfered, remarking:

"Mr. Logan, the gentleman's name is spelled 'B-r-o-w-n-e,' and is pronounced 'Brown,' not 'Browny.' Now, my name is spelled 'G-r-e-e-n-e,' but you would not pronounce it 'Greeny,' would you?"

"That," replied Logan, gravely, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, "depends entirely on how your Honor decides this case."—New York Mail and Express.

Latest Feat in Photography.

Photography has had many triumphs. One of the latest is associated with the name of Professor Marey, famous for his feats in instantaneous work. He has just succeeded in photographing a dragon fly on the wing—an operation which necessitated an exposure of only one-twenty-five-thousandth of a second. The photographic part of the performance is wonderful enough, and surely, as the Pictogram says, some credit should be awarded to the man capable of accurately dividing a second in 25,000 parts. Certainly a man who can compute the twenty-five thousandth part of a second can compute anything.—Westminster Gazette.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

Where spades grow bright,
And idle swords grow dull.
Where gaols are empty,
And where barns are full;
Where field paths are
With frequent feet outworn,
Law Court yards weedy,
Silent, and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it,
And where farmers ride;
Where age abounds,
And youth is multiplied;
Where poisonous drinks
Are chased from every place;
Where opium's curse
No longer leaves a trace;
Where these signs are
They clearly indicate
A happy people,
And a well-ruled State.

—From the Chinese.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It takes a bad man to be a good politician.

It's a credulous world—every man believes in himself.—Puck.

A thing of beauty is not always a joy forever—a fine complexion, for example.—Puck.

You will know a great deal about a man when you breakfast with him a few times.—Puck.

There are lots of good things in this world without any one to push them along.—Atchison Globe.

His story had a plot, no doubt
But then, he didn't need it
He had to go and take it out
Before they'd even read it.

—Washington Star.

If people would just tell us how not to make a mistake, instead of how not to have made a mistake, we'd get along better.

Miss Oldgirl—"I always try to make myself plain." Miss Pert—"How admirably you have succeeded."—Philadelphia Record.

The ancients thought the world was flat—
We know that isn't true—
But when our fondest hopes are dashed
We moderns think so, too.

—New York Herald.

Dusty Rhodes—"How's your appetite these days?" Fitz William—"I've got to a point where it makes me hungry to eat."—Puck.

"The press is a great educator." "Oh, I am not so sure about it! There are many people who still write on both sides of the paper."—Puck.

Teacher—"Now, Tommy, tell us what an hour-glass is?" Tommy (thoughtfully)—"Guess it must be what papa takes so often."—Truth.

She—"How did he enter college? He isn't sixteen yet." He—"No. But he is over six feet, and has a chest measurement of forty inches."—Life.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-nutting, kind sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"I'm not going chestnutting, sir," she said.

—Detroit Free Press.

Synnex—"What's the matter with you? what yer sputtering about?" Chumpleigh—"Doogles called me a fool." Synnex—"Oh, I wouldn't mind that; he never did have any tact."—Boston Transcript.

"It must be just lovely to be the two-headed girl," said Maud Ethel. "Just think of being able to look straight ahead of one's self and look back to see what the other woman has on at the same instant!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Father—"You may as well give up thinking about that young man, Dashing. He does not love you." Daughter—"How do you know, papa?" Father—"I met him at the club just now, and he refused to lend me a fiver."—Boston Globe.

"John, is your revolver loaded?" "I don't think it is." "What in the world would you do, then, if a burglar should break into the house?" "Why, I'd point the revolver at him and tell him I didn't know it was loaded."—Chicago Record.

Housekeeper—"You don't look as if you had washed yourself for a month." Tramp—"Please, mum, th' doctors say th' proper time to bathe is two hours after a meal, and I haven't had anything you call a meal in six weeks."—New York Weekly.

"Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced against you?" asked the Judge. "The only thing I'm kickin' about," answered the convicted burglar, "is bein' identified by a man that kept his head under the bed clothes the whole time. That's wrong."—Judge.

Romantic Miss—"Have there not been moments in your experience when life seemed full of unsatisfied wants?" Mr. Hardhead—"Y-e-s, that's so." Romantic Miss—"At such times I always fly to music for relief. What do you do, Mr. Hardhead?" Mr. Hardhead—"I advertise."—Boboth Sunday Herald.

The Effects of Rifle Balls.

The results, as tried on Swatis and Chitralis, seem to show the extremely small stopping power of the bullet, unless it happens to hit a bone or a vital part. The net result seems to be that at a very short range of two or three hundred yards the Lee-Metford bullet has a sort of explosive action, and pulverizes the bone it strikes; at a medium range it makes a small, clean wound; at a long range it makes a bad wound, larger at the exit of the bullet than at the point where it entered.—Saturday Review.

Born Without Arms or Legs.

Instances are numerous of persons who, born without arms, learned to use their feet as hands. Bulwer, in "The Artificial Changeling," tells of John Simonds, a native of Berkshire, who was born armless, but who could write with his mouth, thread a needle with his toe, tie a knot, play cards, and do almost anything that another person usually does with his fingers.—Kansas City Star.

His Skin an Armor.

In Berlin a Singhalese baffles all investigations by the physicians by the impenetrability of his skin. The bronzed Easterner, a Hercules in shape, claims to have found an elixir which will render the human skin impervious to any metal point or sharpened edge of a knife or dagger, and calls himself the "Man with Iron Skin." It is true that it has been impossible to even scratch his skin with sharply-pointed nails, with finely-ground knives and daggers.

He is now exhibiting himself, and his greatest feat is to pass with his entire body through a hoop, the inside of which is hardly big enough to admit his body, and is closely set with sharp knife points, daggers, nails and other equally pleasant trifles. Through this hoop he squeezes his body with absolute impunity. The physicians do not agree as to his immunity, and some of them think that Rhannin, which is his name, is a fakir who has, by long practice, succeeded in hardening himself.